

# WALES LAMENTATION. OR, AN ELEGY

On the Worthy, and very much Lamented,

Mr. Henry Williams, Minister of the Gospel,  
In NORTH-WALES.

**I** Who afore made *Elegies* by Art,  
Now *Nature* vents, and bleeds one from my Heart.  
Let Words with Sorrow drunk, from my *Soul* reel,  
Disorder'd as the Passions that I feel;  
To groan this Loss: A Loss so near, so great!  
A Loss so Universal; so Compleat!  
A Loss which scarce admits of a Relief;  
The deepest, sensibleft, sagacious Grief,  
Can't reach to its unfathom'd Consequence!  
A Loss above Expression, and our Sense!  
A man of Men! A Man of God did die!  
His Foes, that knew him, this will testify.  
When, first, to's *Soul* an Heavenly Spark was sent,  
It thone, and gave a Lustre where he went.  
No sooner *Holiness* was planted there,  
It did appear about him every where:  
It self diffus'd, with Beams most clear and strong,  
Through the whole *Series* of his Life along.  
So all that knew him, and know things aright,  
Knew that he was a *Bright and Shining Light*.  
Some few rejoyc'd, too, in his *Light* a while;  
Who now their Loss, as well as we, bewail.  
To Neighbours Courteous: When their Wants but cry'd,  
Relief from *Purse*, and *Counsel*, not deny'd.  
None's Help was readier, nor no Heart so free,  
To the Distressed; none more kind than He:  
But more to *Those*, who thirsted for his Blood;  
He thirsted too; but 'twas to do them Good:  
Good to their *Souls*, their *Bodies*, their *Estate*:  
And thus, with Kindness, he repair'd their Hate.  
Bounteous in Alms: A Charity so large;  
Tho' *State* but small, and numerous his Charge.  
He ne'er could have his Liberal Aims pursu'd,  
Had not the Blessing *Oyl* and *Meal* renew'd.  
Wonders alike, tho' not so great as those,  
Where Thousands fed their Bellies with *Few Loaves*.  
Whole Crowds of *Poor* ne'er sought his Door in vain;  
He did their *Souls*, and *Stomachs*, entertain:  
He judg'd them not sufficiently well fed,  
Till he had offer'd them *Eternal Bread*.  
The *Family* of *Faith* fed as his Own;  
His *House* gave large, his *Heart* a larger Room.  
All that his *House*, or Substance, could afford;  
His *Fields*, his *Stable*, or his *Beds* or *Board*,  
To treat such Guests, they always ready find:  
How wide an *Hand*; how bountiful a *Mind*!  
How noble, large, and general *Soul* he had;  
He lov'd the *Good*, and pitied all the *Bad*.  
O'er whom he wept: With pressing Eagerness,  
He beg'd and woo'd, & accept of *Happiness*.  
Thus Bowels had for All. But, Oh! his Heart  
(When he did aft the tender *Father's* Part,  
Torn with *Tears* from *Hell's* Eternal Fires;  
Thought none scarce Born, till they had chang'd their  
Nor well his *Own*, until Regenerate.  
Hence with such Pains, Instructions, Prayers, and Tears,  
He sow'd, and water'd, all their tender Years.  
And when that Distance flopt his *Vocal Call*,  
He breath'd his *Soul*, in *Letters*, to them All.  
So teaching, Wooing, Charming, so Divine!  
The *Father* full appear'd in every Line.  
For did he, altogether, plow on Steel;  
Many the *Answers* of his *Prayers* feel.  
'Tis hop'd the rest will feed yet, tho' on Crumbs:  
If not; What dismal, howling Reckoning comes:  
No Vengeance so uneasy to endure,  
As that, which slighted Counsels do procure.  
But still, within his special Love and Care,  
His *Spiritual Children* had the greatest Share:  
The *Church*, I mean; o'er whom he did preside:  
The *Little Flock* entrusted him to feed:  
For whom to Violence he was a Prey,  
And bore the Heat and Burden of the Day:  
The Horrors, Colds, and Dangers of the Night;  
*Hell's* utmost Rage, and Men's most cruel Spite:  
Yet nothing could him from his Duty fright.

In Perils, oft, by Waters, Foes, and Wayes;  
Spar'd not his *Body* under great Decayes.  
Thus eager *Grace* drove weary on,  
Unto a voluntary *Martyrdom*.  
Hunger, and Cold, his long Companions oft;  
With Lodgings hard, nor Carriage very soft.  
With wondrous Patience, Troubles he subdu'd;  
His *Master's Will*, unweariedly pursu'd.  
What ever wand'ring Paths, that others trod,  
He kept the Way, and wrought the Work of *God*.  
To various Prisons, cast for several Years;  
Insulted o'er by *Ismael*-Scotts and *Jeers*.  
Baited and worried by fierce Men. 'Twas thus,  
That *Paul* did fight with Beasts at *Ephesus*.  
Nor was't his *Liberty*, alone, he lost;  
Rob'd and strip'd bare; by various Losses tost.  
His Flocks, and Herds, torn from him in a Day;  
And all he had became the *Cruels* Prey.  
Yet none of these could force him from his Ground;  
Tho' *Faith*, and *Patience*, was assaulted round:  
For with undaunted Undecern'd, he view'd  
Himself thus serv'd; his Substance hack'd and hew'd.  
With Heavenly Courage bore he all, that Laws,  
Or *Hell*, could load him for his *Master's* Cause.  
He found his greatest Gain in every Loss;  
And his *Redeemer* had perfume'd the Cross.  
His Strength, and Comforts, weigh'd his Labors down:  
Pond'rous his *Load*, but *Heaven* his Crown.  
As *Hell* did plague and waste, still *Heaven* did bless:  
Nor were his Cordials, than his Conflicts, less.  
To omit the secret Kisses of *Christ's* Love;  
The Conscience Banquets sent him from Above;  
Let us not pass that wondrous Field of *Corn*,  
(To poize his Loss, nor Miracles forborn.)  
His Earth was heal'd of all her ancient Curse;  
The Sunns he gave for *Christ* to re-imburse:  
The Clods, divinely, bid their Strength release;  
The Earth entomb'd Ten Thousand fold Increase.  
And when the Earth, to the whole Land, was wild;  
To him, alone, was easie, kind, and mild.  
And tho' pale *Famine* threat'ned all the Land,  
An Army of Joyful *Corn* for him did stand,  
In monstrous thickness, 'fore the Winds, do sail;  
Waving their double, triple Heads, each Gale:  
Their Heads, with Blessings bow'd, rever'd their *God*,  
And offer to his Servant all their Load.  
The Miracle, like nimble Lightning, flew,  
And fill'd all Tongues with things so great, so new.  
The *Good* rejoyc'd; his Troublers lost their Rage;  
Since *God* so plainly did for him engage:  
The Furious cease to roar, contract their Paws;  
Let fall the Lift-up Engine of the Laws.  
This *Prodigy* had struck their Outrage mute:  
Nor durst they ever after Persecute.  
But *Heaven* declares on still: Smites some with Blasts;  
*Life* and *Estate*, with secret Curses, wastes:  
And yet the Persecutors fear and quake.  
Ere long, *God's* sleeping Thunder will awake.  
Some this *Side Hell* shall taste his angry Cup;  
Whom, for Examples, he will Gibber up.  
But this *Meek Saint* for these did Intercede:  
*God's* Love and Mercy, not Revenge, did plead:  
And sought to stop the Plague, that o'er them spread.  
Nor swell'd, for him that Miracles came down;  
Tho' Prais'd his *God* for wondrous Favors shown:  
But still his Joys some greater Cause did own.  
For here the Pillar of his Comforts stood,  
That *Christ* for him had shed his Precious Blood.

Thus liv'd the Worthy, lov'd by *God* and Man;  
His Fruitful Years thus to their Period ran.  
No Day, nor Hour, pass'd without its Pain;  
Nor scarce a Minute stole away in vain.  
*Goodness* his *Meat* and *Drink*; his Day and Night,  
His *Master's Service* was his whole Delight.  
He spends himself for *Jesus*, and was spent:  
His Strength consumed, and his Vitals rent.

Death spy'd the 'vantage; crept a Conqueror in;  
On his spent Vitals preys and preys agen:  
The Fort demolishes, which he did win:  
Invades the Seat of Life, with every Dart;  
And very busie was about his Heart.  
Now *Nature* struggling strong with inward, pains  
My wasted Vitals.—Oh! my Breast complains.  
As *Nature* fades, his *Graces* brighter thone;  
Now, *Heaven* in view, his *Soul* moves swifter on.  
An earnest Longing, egg'd him to be free,  
As Prisoners at the Point of *Liberty*.  
Impatient, urging, weary of Delay:  
Thus long'd his *Soul* to leave its House of Clay.  
Yet murmur'd not; though this *Lord's* Time the best:  
Tho' tyr'd; with *Patience*, waited for his Rest.  
His humble Thoughts still judg'd all things too Good;  
Whether it were his *Physick*, or his *Food*.  
Prais'd *God* for All; and for the sharpest Pain:  
Thought nothing hard his *God* on him had lain.  
His Heart, in Praise, does flame, and nimbly run;  
And the great Work of *Heaven* had begun.  
Thus practising the Glorious Notes above;  
And learning the *Seraphick* Sing of Love.  
His Joys were solid, and no idle Dreams:  
As he did, warns us to avoid Extreams.  
Blessings, when here possess'd, (our *Nature's* such)  
We prize too little; when they're gone, too much.  
His *Soul* releas'd, flew up to *Jesus's* Arms;  
Where now secure from Sorrow, Sin, or Harms:  
Encompass'd round with unconceiv'd Bliss:  
(*Hope* turn'd to *Vision*; *Faith*, *Fruit* is.)  
Is perfected, and made compleatly Just:  
Sown in his *Garden*, lies his precious Dust:  
Which shall, at last, a Glorious Body rise;  
Pure, Perfect, Brighter than the fiery Skies.  
Mean while, his *Soul* with Joys, Immortal, Crown'd;  
In Streams profound, of endless Pleasures drown'd.  
With Voice Angelick, seems to speak to us;  
Friends and Relations, all, why grieve you thus?  
Weep not for Me; for I am fully blest;  
Of Glory, Joy, and Happiness possess:  
Nor for your selves too much. *Christ* able is  
To make up whatso'er in me you miss.  
He can be All what Death in me did end;  
A *Factor*, *Husband*, *Father*, and a *Friend*.  
We shall be *One* in a *Relation* soon;  
Not Gross and Sensual; but more *Spiritual* grown:  
And know in all things *There*, as we are known.  
And meet again *There*, *Never* to separate:  
Our Meeting as *Eternal*, as our *State*.

## An EPITAPH.

**W**ithin this Garden Precious Seed is sown;  
Which will last Day a glorious Flower be blown;  
A Flower, which all the Spices shall excell:  
A Flower, that's only fit for *Heaven's* own Smell.  
I mean, within this Grave his Dust does rest;  
Who Living, was, in most Respects, the Best.  
The Best of  *Masters*, Neighbours, and of Friends;  
Active in Good, and Upright in his Ends.  
Of *Husbands*, and of *Fathers* too, the Best;  
A Pastor too amongst the Faithfullest.  
A truer Christian, or a better Man,  
The Earth ne'er bore, or Sun e'er shone upon.  
Poor World! How vain art thou, that must divest  
Of that that is, indeed, thy very Best:  
Who would be found in thee, mid Spot, to stay;  
Since all thy Best thus fading is Away? 199.